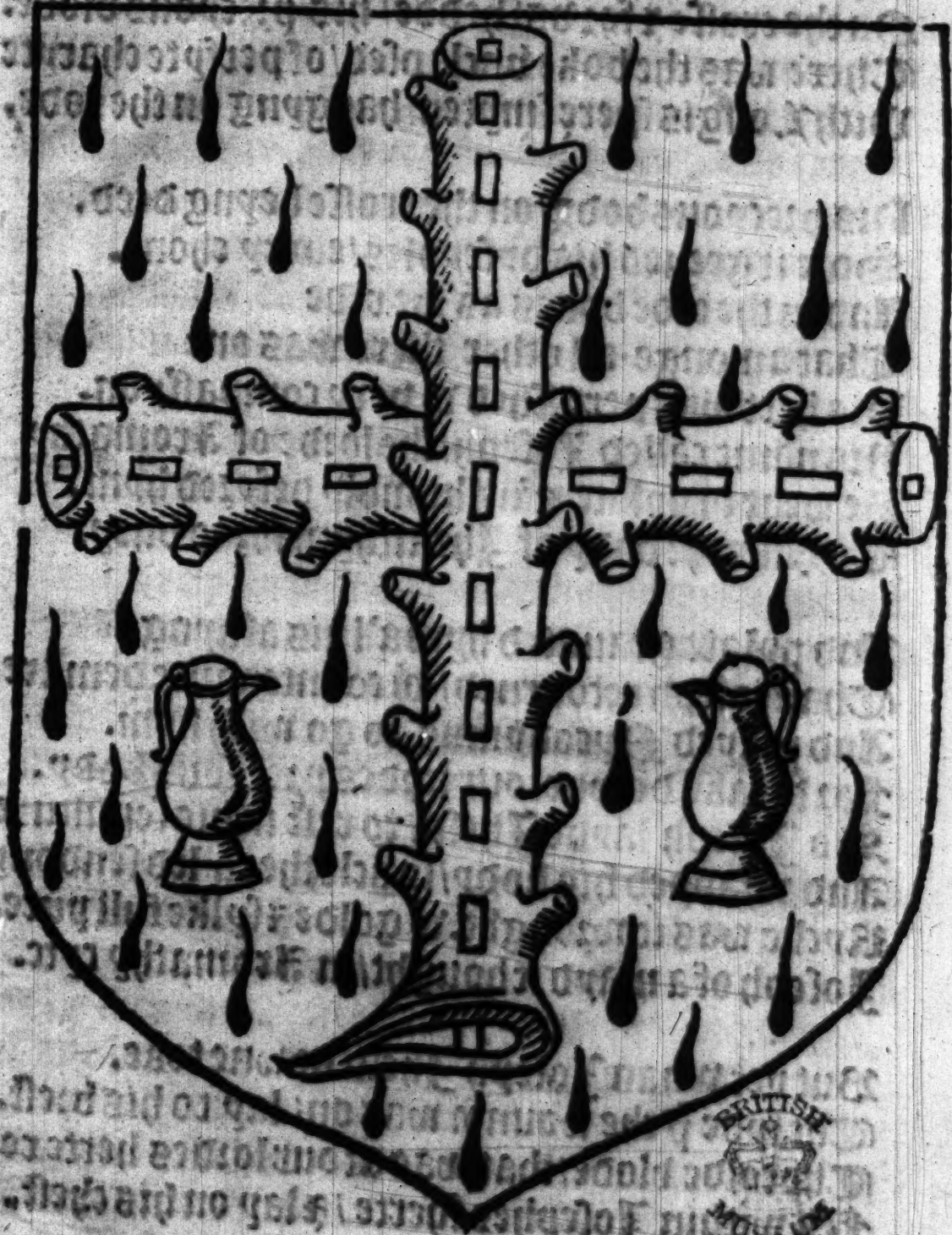


**Here begynneth the lyfe of Jo-
seph of Armatia.**

697
12



Ihesu the royall ruby moost hye of renowne.
Rested in Mary p maybe/ for her humylyte.
And fro þe realme of syght wythdrew/ descended down.
To take the meke clothyng/ of our humanityte.
The .v. welles of pyte to open. Adam restored he.
On the crosse & for vs shedde/ his precyous blode.
There was the boke vnclapled/ of perfyte charyte
With Longis spere smyten/ hangyng on the cote.

His precyous body/ on the crosse beyng deed.
Soze it greued his dyscyples/ euery chone.
And in the olde boke as we rede
That amonge all other there was one
His hert was perpythed w very compassyon.
His name called Joseph/ the lord of Aromathy
He went to pylate & full humbly desyzed hym.
To haue the body of Ihesu/ hym for to bury.

And pylate graunted hym a'l his askyng.
Than ioseph retourned/ w countenance demure.
And prayed Nicodymus to go with hym.
For to take downe/ our lordes precyous lody.
So Joseph layde Ihesu/ to rest in his sepulture.
And wrapped his body/ in a clothe called sendony.
Ryche was it wrought. w golde & sylke full puce.
Joseph of a mayd it bought/ in Aromathy cyte.

But yet whan Joseph Ihesu downe toke.
The syde þe wound was on/ lay to his brest.
The colde blode/ that was at our lordes herte rote
Fell within Josephes herte / & lay on his chest.

Truly as holy scripture sayth / there dyde it rest.
At the holy place / about his stomake.

And when our lord / in the sendyn was drest.

Thys blode in two cruettes / Joseph dyd take

The Jewes herd say / þ Joseph Ihu had buryed.

They thought þ Apcodemus & he shulde repent.

They went to pylat / & sayd they were greued.

Joseph & Apcodemus for them both they sent.

Then came they to pylat to knowe all his entente

& sayd they had buryed Ihu / as he gaue them leue.

I wys sayd all the Jewes / that there were present.

He shall curse ye tyme / that his body dyd remeue.

Why sayd Joseph Iesu was goddes owne sonne.

That ye bounde lyke a thefe / & hyng on the rode.

Also to þ hert with a sharpe spere / ye hym stoge.

& w. iiii. nayles made hym shede his giltye blode.

I wote well he neuer dyd yll / but evermore gode.

He made þ blynde to se / & heled some of lepro.

He resed Lazarus / also / by his worde.

This is true sayd Joseph / ye knowe as well as I.

The Jewes put Joseph / in a ströge prizon of stone.

In that darke house / by hym selfe he lay.

Right he coude not se / for wyndowe had it none.

They locked the doze / and than went they way.

Cayphas and Anna / of that kept the key.

And sealed the doze / also / they thought to be sure

for Joseph shulde dye playnly dyd they say.

But paciently all they trouble / dyd he endure.

Joseph of Arma.

A. ii.

Then Ihesu Christ/at his resurrection.
To Ioseph apered/about hye mydnyght.
And rered all the four corners/of that pryson.
The walles he susteyned/by his great myght.
Ioseph that/meruayled/seying so great a lyght.
A full precious water/our lord thewe in his face.
Before that hour/he sawe neuer so swete a syght.
Who is there sayd Ioseph/art thou Elyas.

Our lord spake to Ioseph/ & bad hym nat fere.
He sayd aryle & toke hym bp by the hande.
I am Ihesu/whom thou buryed in the sepulture.
If thou be/sayd Ioseph/that here doth stande.
Gyue me the rychest/treasour/of this lande.
The clothe that is called the Sendony.
Ihesu led hym to the sepulture/& there it fonde.
Holde ioseph sayd ihesu/p couerture of my body.

There ihesu bad ioseph to his owne place wende.
And sayd kepe thou thy house/dages fully forty.
Farwell sayd our lord. Ioseph my frende.
Where euer thou becom/peace be with the.
I go to my disciples, that longe after me.
Ioseph wept for ioy/that was of yeres olde.
Saynge/o Ihesu worshypped may thou be.
For thy grace I haue spyed/is better than golde.

Ioseph kept his house as our lord bad.
And on the morowe caphace went to the pryson.
No body he there founde than was he full sad.
Where is Ioseph sayd anne I trowe he be gon.

I maruyle he sayd the scales were hole eche one.
And yet he out of the house is gone.
For wol they all myght nat what to done.
Saying he that conuysed hym was a false felow.
So wolde they had that in Armathya cyte.
Joseph was than sent they to hym gretynge.
By they letters made full craftely
Him lowly prayeng that they wryting
He holde ouerse and as any thyng
That was done to hym they were wo therfoze.
And prayed to Joseph his louers he wolde byng.
For they wolde be frendes with hym for euer moze

This mater to shorten Joseph thider went.
And shewed them how they lord deliuered hym
Out of the pryson suche grace god mesent.
Well sayd the Jewes we meruayle of one thyng.
How he gate out with all his connyng.
Joseph sayd he lyfted the house fro the grounde.
They sayd by what crafte was it hanging
That it fell nat in sonder but stode styll sounde

Well sayd Joseph this was a great wonder.
When the sharpe spere to his hart was pyght
To se great rocks and stones breke a sonder.
The sonne darked & withdrew his lyght.
The erthe tymbled by his great myght.
All these were maruapulous sayd Joseph than.
Deed bodys in they graues were sene with sibgt
Wherfoze I dare say he is very god and man.
Joseph. of Arma.

Now here how Joseph came into england.
But at that tyme it was called bytayne.
Than. x. yere with our lady as I vnderstande.
Joseph was bytayne to serue bytayne he was sayne.
So after bytayne assumptyon the boke telleth playne.
With saynt philipp he went into fraunce.
His sonne and his wyfe to serue god with payne.
Sayne for to folowe vertuous gouernance.

Joseph had a sonne whose name was Josephas
That our lord a byshop dyd consecrate.
A vertuous yuete the boke sayth that he was.
Philipp had them go to great bytayne fortunate
So to the see they went of loye separte.
For of them there were. b. C. x. mo.
In that company bothe erly and late
Caryeng for passage togyder for to go.

Althyp they toke as I vnderstande.
And passed without peryll ouer the salt streame
Into the hauen they all arriued to lande
But yet of bytayne they sayled theyr course cleue.
They fortunied to a countre of a tyraunt kene.
Called wales there was a kyng that tyme
They landed all as the boke telleth on an estere dayn
xxi. yere after the passyon about the houre of nyne

Whan the kyng knewe that they dyd lande
He toke Joseph and all his felowes truly.
And put them in pryson great and strong.
Than they all prayed to god almyghty.

And he herde theyr prayers lyghtly.
That they were deliuered in short space.
He thought his seruantes sholde nat in peryl lye.
Than he sent them confort by his great grace.

Our lord appeared to a kyng in the west.
That named was Mordrayous in dede
Bydding hym for to make hym prest
With all his myght in to wales to spede.
Saying there be my seruantes that of helpe neede
Go thou thider and here they shal be in thy hande
That proude kyng that me doth nat drede.
Thou shalt hym overcome and all his lande.
Than the kyng after his bysion sene.
Thought in hast his deuer to do
So by he rose in the mornynge.
All his lordes he called hym to.
He sayd in to wales in dede must I go.
Now thy det wyl I hye me with all my myght.
God to me appered and bad me do so.
I gayne the prync of that countre for to fight
In all hast he dysposed his householde.
And to a lord he toke the realme to gouerne.
To deliuer goddes seruantes he sayd he wolde.
I knowe no maner man that shall me werne
In his tourney he byed he thought not to turne
Tyll he came to the place there Joseph was
Many a towne in wales byd he burne
The prync of that countre herd therof in space

And to Mordechaus he sent a messenger
Praying hym to come in with peace
He sayd this lande is poore therfore I humbly
Beseeching his goodnesse this stryfe to leaue
And I wyl hym gyue a lady percelle
Hys owne doughter by name called Labell
Precyously arayed in cloth of ryche
He had the messangere all this vnto hym tolde

Than went the messangere vnto Mordechaus
And sayd all as is before tolde
Syr kng my lord the prayeth to be gracious
Vnto him and not so fyerse and bolde
And ye shall haue his doughter wth plentie of golde
With all the prysoners that in his prysen be
Joseph & his felowes both yong and olde
Tha sayd Mordechaus he shall haue peace wth me.

On a day these knges togeder both dyd mete
Mordechaus toke Labell to his wyfe
Eche saluted other with wordes swete
And loked togyder the terme of theyr lyfe
For Mordechaus was doughty wth swerd & knyfe
That all landes nere hym dyd dowe.
Joseph was deliuered from daunger blyse
With his felawes all the hole cownt

Than hyther into bytayne Joseph dyd come
And this was by kng Auetagas dayes
So dyd Joseph and also Josephas his sonne
With many one mo as the olde boke says

This kynge was hethen & lyued on fals lapes
And yet he gaue to Ioseph aulonpe
Nowe called Glastenbury & there he lyes
Somtyme it was a towne of famous autpquyte.

There Ioseph lyued with other hermyttes twelke
That were the chyfe of all the company
But Ioseph was the chefe hym selfe
There led they an holy lyfe and gostely
Tyll at the last Ihesu the mighty
He sent to Ioseph thaungell gabryell
Which bad hym as the wytyng doth specify
Of our ladyes assumpcyon to bylde a chapell

So Ioseph dyd as the aungell hym bad
And wrought there an ymage of our lady
For to serue hyr great deuocion he had
And that same ymage is yet at Glastenbury
In the same churche there ye may it se
For it was the fyrst as I vnderstande
That euer was sene in this countre
For Ioseph it made wyth his owne hande

The rode of northdoze of lōdon also dyd he make
Noche lyke as our lord was on the rode done
For this Ioseph fro the crosse hym dyd take.
And loke howe a man may make by propozcion
A deed ymage lyke a quicke by cunnynge
So lyke the rode of northdoze Iesu henge deed
For Ioseph made it nere lempnyng
Unto our lord enclynnyng his heed

Thā Ioseph there abode prechyng the fayth.
Tyll by the cource of nature he dyed
Thus the olde boke recordeth and sayth
But in dede his body at Glastebury doth abyde.
Our lord for hym well doth prouyde
Likely there to be sought with many a. M.
The name of Glastebury wyll spede full wyde
To men & women of many a straunge lande

By whose prayer god sheweth many myrakyll
Proued the. xliii. yere of henty our kyng
In doctyng paryll he there was sicke lōge whyle
Two yonge women of the pestelence lamentyng
Which passed the cure of men in eche thyng
They? prayer makyng to ioseph of Aramathye
So began to recouer & brought they? offryng
On Symone day & Jude vnto Glastenbury

And syth god there hath shewed many a myrakyll
I lacke tyme & season all to expresse
But yet all that do bysyte that holy habytakyll
It is euer lyke newe to them that call in distresse
Four C. yere ago / the boke bereth wytnes
So longe there hath rested that holy body
And now please it god of his goodnesse
Great myzacles for hym to worke as ye may se

Many be there holpe through our lordes myght
A chyld of welles raysed fro deth wout dout.
Lame at there heled the blynde restored to sight
One that had the frāsy to his wytte was brought

The bykary of welles that thyder had sought
On the tenth day that many men byd se
Where. iiii. yere afore he stande no go mought
Released he was of part of his infyrmyte

There is continuance of grace as it is shewed
On a womā of banwell wye of Thomas Roke
Whychē was tēpted by the fende & greatly styed
With hyr husbandes knyues she cut hyr throte
And doutlesse as true men do report
She slewe hyr selfe so greuous was the wounde.
For wo hyr husband wylt not whether to resort
Whan he sawe hyr all bloody & his own knife found.

This wofull man seynge his wyfe thus lye.
Whiche with his knyfe had done that wofull dede
Unto his neyghbours he cryed full pyteously
Hym for to helpe in that tyme of nede
The wounde to sewe fast he began to spede
Besechynge our lord and holy Joseph.
This woman to saue and so hertely prayed
That anon after she began to drawe bzethe

And then yet say that the styches brake
That the fleshe closed and that was wonder
She was confessed / holcled / eneled and spake
Therefore good men this in your myndes ponder
yet lyueth & in the .ii. day of apyl came she thyder
And went before the honourable procession
The same knyfe she offred by all bloody there
Now thanked be god & Joseph she is hole & soude

The .ix. day of Aprill John Lyght gentylman
Dwellynge besyde Alchester at lychtes care
His wyfe had upon her a feuer quartayn
By the space of two yere beted gretly
No medycyne nor physyke þ coude do her remedy
And promysed thyrder her offrynge deuoutly
Than was she deliuered of her dysease certayne

The tenth daye of Aprill that was than sonday
A chyld was smyten with a plage all deed
And to euery mannes syght an houre so he lay
His moder hertely to sent Joseph prayed
And bowed her offryng in her hert soze attayed
The chyld recovered and had his hele
And on saynt marke daye there they offred
Hole and sounde no herme dyde befele

The .xv. day of Aprill one Robert Browne
Of yeuell that at Alchester was prysoner
He was deliuered by proclamatyon
And went to gader his fees for the kepas
The prysoner about his legge had a fetter
He prayed ioseph to helpe him as he was not gilty
And sodenly the fetters sprange fro hym there
In myddes of þ market place of Glaffenbury

John Gylbon gentylman of portmelborne
The syde of his mouth was drawn to his eare
His left syde and his arme was benome
That he of his lyfe stode in great fere
Speke coude he nat nor hym selfe here

He prayed to Joseph promysynge his offryng
So of his sykkenes he was deliuered clere
Sawe onely of an hurte in his left arme
The .xx. day of apryll John popes wyfe of scotone
Had a yong chyld that was taken sodenly
And so continued and coude not beholpen
His moder prayed to god and Joseph deuoutly
Her offrynge promysed than founde she remedy
The chyld recovered & had his lymmes at wyll
Lo ye well dysposed people here may yese
That there is nothyng to god impossyble

Yonge walter sergaunt dwellinge in Dylton
His chyld in the pestylence was in Jeopardy
And soze panged that he myght not meue hym
So that to theyr syght he appered deed verly
This wofull moder as the neyghbours testefy
Prayed to Joseph and of the chyld the mesure
And promysed to do her offrynge truly
Than shortly after the chyld dyde recure

Also Mps wyfe to Walt benet dwellinge in welles
Infect with the frenche pockes a yere and moze
And doutlesse as her owne neyghbours telles
Her fete were so paynfull and soze
That go coude she not but as she was boze
Thyder was she brought into the chapell
Merely she was heled and lefte her styktes thore
And on her fete wente home resonably well

Joseph of Arma.

B. i.

John Wyngdons wyfe of Welles had a sykenesse
Moost paynfull with a soze called a fistula
So long is continued that she laye spechelesse
And her lymbes dyde rotte truly they do say
So that with a knyfe the pees were cut away
At last she thought she had sene Joseph in picture
How he toke god fro the crosse & to hym dyde pray
Herfor to hele and than began she to recure

All the myzacles to shewe it were to longe
There is many mo full great & I do not reherse
As pestylence purples and agonyes strong
With megrymes also & men & haue lyen specheles
And this I knowe well both in prose & ryme & verse
Men loue nat to rede an ouer longe thyng
Therefore I entende this mater to short & lease
I pray you all to marke well the endynge

ye pylgrymes all gyue your attendaunce
Saynt ioseph there to serue with humble affectyon.
At Glastenbury for to do hym reuerence
Lyft bp your hertes with goostly deuocyon
Therwith conceyving this bryfe copplacyon
Though it halte in meter of eloquence
All thyng is sayd vnder correctyon
And wryten to do holy Joseph reuerence

ye lettred that wyl haue more intelligence
Of the fyrst foundacyon of Joseph there
The olde booke of Glastenbury shall you ensece
More plainly to vnderstande this forsayd matere

To you shall declare the hole cronycle clere
Wryten full truly with a notable processe
Make ye no doute nor be not in fere
As olde clerkes therof bereth wytnesse

Soothly Glastebury is þ holpest erth of england
Kede saynt Dauides lyfe and there may ye se
That our lord it halowed with his owne hande
For Dauid by myracle proued it parde
Christ made through his hādes two holes truly
Than went Dauid and his masse began
And after sakerpng the holes dyd shynt a sayd he
This church was halowed by a better than I am

Great meruayles men may se at Glastenbury
One of a walnot tree that there dooth stande
In the holy grounde called the semetory
Hard by þ place where kynge Arthur was foude
South fro Iosephs chapell it is walled in roude
It bereth no leaues tyll the day of saynt Barnabe
And than that tree that standeth in the grounde
Spredeth his leaues as fayre as any other tree

Thre hawthornes also that groweth in werall
Do burge and bere grene leaues at Christmas
As fresche as other in May whan þ nightyngale
Wrestes out her notes musycall as pure as glas
Of all wodes and forrestes she is þ chere chaütres
In wynter to syng pfit were her nature
In werall she myght haue a playne place
On those hawthornes to shewe her notes clere

Ioseph. of Arma.

B. ii.

Lo lordes what Ihesu dooth in January
Whan the great colde cometh to grounde
He maketh the hawthorne to sprynge full freschely
Where as it pleaseth hym his grace to founde
He may loose all thing that is bounde
Chankes be gyuen to hym that in heuen spitteth
That flozyntheth his werkes so on the grounde
And in Glassebury. Quia mirabilia fecit.

C Appraylyng to Ioseph.

O Ioseph sanctificate is thy fyrst foundation
Thy patencycle may be prayesd of vs all
Armony syng with hertely Iubylacyon
That causeth many sorowes fro theyr hertes fall
Of creatures dyscōsolate that there for grace call
Lawdyng Ioseph with deuoute reuerence
As a principall place chosē of Christ most speciall
They shal thei fynde cōfort of Christ magnificēce
Hayle mighty gyaūt heuen & erth thou dyde bere
As bright as the mone than Illumyneth þe nyght.
More stronger than Sampson that had no pere
Hayle floure fragrant it with thy great myght
Putteth fendes vnto flyght and euery yll ayze
From men that deuoutly do theyr dyligence
Here Ioseph to serue with offrynges or prayer
Shall fynde confort of our lordes magnificence

Hayle Ioseph that bere thei were hony combe
On good friday as holy scripture doth specyfie
In thy carme þe bere both the yon & the lambe

God and man in one humanyte
In sepulture thou layd the myrcour of humylyte
Bryghter than lucyfer in his resplendence
After he had payed our raunson and made vs fre
Of his great fauour grace and magnyfycence

Hayle myghty balpinger charged with plenty
Thou hast cast anker in the haven of aduenterer.
O dentpous dyamonde & destroyer of yll destiny
As gay as euer was phebus in his golde spere
O noble Ioseph the tyme of grace draweth nere
Hayle myrcer so precyous dystroyngre al pestelence
O royall gem whome men shall seke full fetre
Here to haue confort of our lordes magnyfycence.

Heyle tresour of Glastenbury moost imperyall
In fauour smellynge swete as eglantyne
Now shall thy name floury the ouerall
Jhesu for thy sake the bell of mercy doth ryngre.
Great cause hath Englande (Laus deo to synge
God and Ioseph to prayse w all our dylygence
That many men delpuereth out of mournynge
By our lordes fauour grace & magnyfycence

O noble Ioseph O ghostly phecyson
By the is cured many a malady
Nat by synge pylles/dregges/ne porcyon
Ne other medecyne yet doost thou remedy
To pockes/pestylence/and also frensy
And all maner of feuer wese experyence
Thou be lest Jaundes/goutes and dropseyes

By our lordes fauour grace and magnyfyence
Now holy Ioseph pray for vs to our lord
To sende vs peas and petyte charite
And amonge the comyns welth and conorde
And that our ryche men may vse lyberalyte
Whiche than shall towarde the depte
Where aungelles to Ihesu do great reuerence
Unto the whiche god byrnyng bothe you & me
Of his fauour grace and magnyfyence.

Ioseph serue dei omnipotētis miserere mei ma-
lefactoris. Esto michi solamē in susperis cōtinuū
iuuamē in molestiis. Sup id qđ opto da remediū
& tollato eo quicquid deſonum Ioseph discipule
da in futuris agenda facere in non agēdis bñm hec
resistere in victuosis vitam terminare demum in
celis tecum habitare.

V. Sācte ioseph xpī discipule. **R.** Intercede p no-
bis ad Iesum qui elegit te. **Oremus.**

Domine iesu xpe cui oīs lingua confitetur
respice in nos seruos tuos & placare pceptis
tui dilecti discipuli ioseph: ut ipso intercedente
mereamur in p̄sētia habere petisti remediū &
in futuro tue visionis dulcedinem. Qui uiuis. **℟.**

℟. Serue dei ioseph sanctissime preces n̄as
clemēter accipe morbos cades & pestes remoue. Et
sime remur iam penas luere xpm regem superne
gl̄ie non iratum sed blandum effice. **V.** Ut cum ce-
perit mundum discernere & in dextris oues repo-
nere. **Non ira.** **Oratio.**

Omnipotēs sempiternē deus qui beatissimū
iōseph famulū tuū tribuisti vniūgenitū filiū
tūi corp⁹ exanimē de cruce deponere: eiq; iusta hu
manitatis officia p̄soluere p̄stā quesum⁹ ut qui
eius memoriā deuote recolimus cōsueue misericōz
die tue scēciamus auxiliū Per eundē dñm nrm.

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C

R.

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